

**First impression**

Today, as the city's bowels demonstrate their usual constipation, the pouring rain adds a somewhat slimy aspect to the slow procession of traffic. Professor Leontief does not like arriving late at the lab. He hangs his dripping umbrella over the edge of his desk, at its designated spot above the trashcan, and he gently awakens his sleepy computer with some soothing words: "Come on, you hunk of metal and silicon oxide, wake up."

He checks his electronic mail. The third e-mail is from a scientific journal which he helps out as a reviewer. "Dear Professor Leontief, last month you kindly accepted to review the ...." He need not read any further. He looks at his calendar, and then feels the cold chill of panic run up his spine when he realises that the deadline is only 2 days away. He hasn't even started. So much to do with so little time! Yet, he cannot postpone his response. Being a resourceful man, he makes a couple of telephone calls and reorganises his work schedule so as to free up an immediately available 2-hour slot.

He pours himself a large mug of coffee, and extracts the article from the pile of documents pending attention. He goes straight to the reference section on the last page to check if his own articles are mentioned. He grins with pleasure. As he counts the pages, he looks at the text density. It shouldn't take too long. He smiles again. He then returns to the first page to read the abstract. Once read, he flips the pages forward slowly, taking the time to analyse a few visuals, and then moves to the conclusions, reading them with great care.

*(Continued)*